Miscellany.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

The Sere Days.

The bills are bright with maples yet: But down the level land The beech-leaves rattle in the wind, As dry and brown as sand.

The clouds in bars of rusty red

Is like a dream of snow.

Along the hill-tops glow, And in the still, sharp sir, the frost

The Parting Guest.

O Autumn! why so soon Depart the hues that make thy furnate glad, Thy gentle wind and thy fair, sonny noon,

And leave thee wild and end!

Ah, 'twere a lot tro blest Forever in thy colored shades to stray; Amid the kisses of the soft southwest

To rove and dream for aye;

And leave the vain, low strife

That makes men mad-the tug for wealth and power

Called by the pions Acadian peasants the summer of

Filled was the air with a dreamy and marical light

and the landscape

Lay as if new-rested in all the freshness of childhood.

Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean. Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in har-

Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the

farm-yards, Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of

pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love;

and the great sun Looked with the eye of love through the golden va-

of the forest thed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels....["Evangeline."

Late October.

The leaves dropped from the golden beeches.
Far down the shidown sistes I heard
An undertone of plaintive sighing.
As if the waning summer wept
For all her a

The startess mullion by the road Dropped down its seeds like tears of sadness; The far-of hills, veided like a bride, Seemed wedded to the sky immortal,

There flashed the gleam of heaven's portal

For life's giad measure of completeness. Though dead leaves rustle at my feet, And all the fields are brown and solver,

The Last Flower of the Year.

The gentian was the year's last child, Born when the winds were hearse and wild

With wailing over buried flowers, The playmates of their sunnier bours

The gentian hid a thoughtful eye

The heart may blossom with new hope as heart may blossom wan need Beneath the gray skies of October, [D. M. Jordan

That touched the fading earth with sweetness

Across the woodland's pleasant reaches, And like a shower of gilded rain

For all her glories dead and dying.

The guiden-rod, with drooping plame,

Had lost its aureole of gladness;

And through the sunset's golden gate

O pesceful hour, O faith renewed,

And lifted up my heart in thanks

How peacefully the sunlight fell

mony blended;

And waste its little hour .- [Strant

Then followed that beautiful sea

The passions and the cares that wither life

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A. 1

The Vermont Phœnix.

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BRATTLEBORO

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THOMPSON & BANGER, 7 Grenite Row. The gentian, her long lashes through, Looked up into the sky so blue, And felt at home—the color, there Livery and Feeding Stubles.

The good God gave herself to wear The gentian searched the fields around No flower-companion there she found. Upward, from all the woodland ways, I, W. SMITH, rear Crosby Block. . H. CHANE, Canal Street.

The gentian shut her eyelids tight On falling leaf and frosty night; Meat Markets. W. F. RICHARDSON, Market block, Elli Millinery and Funcy Goods. And close her saure mantle drew, MRS. E. M. FARNSWORTH, 1 Crosby Block, 2d floer MISSES MARSH & BALLARD, over Steen's Store. While dreary winds around her blew

The gentian said, "The world is cold; Yet one clear glimpse of heaven I hold. The sun's last thought is mine to keep;

Marrest.

With throbbing hearf and tearful eye I saw the snowdrop at its birth Felled, by spears of rain, to earth The iris burst her emerald sheath, The painted tulip fade and close

And now, down fields of sunburst grass I see the withering rose leaves pass And, night by night, and day by day, I see the granaries overflow, O God! my heart in awe and feat

Thy bounty covers all the lands Thift in prayer my empty hands Of all the Summer of my life My harvest is but sin and strife

Oh! could these tears like April rain, Oh! never should they cease to flow.

And stir the seeds which Thou didst sow, Could prayer but melt this ice away, Till Thou in mercy, Lord, didst bring Into my soul a second Spring. Oh! then what rich reward and sweet To lay its barvest at Thy feet ! (Good Words

St. Nicholas,-With the November number Mrs. Dodge cuters upon her third volume, and presents as fresh and varied a collection of reading matter for her young friends as can be found in any previous number. The frontisplece is an engraving of Penelope Boothby, and it is attached to a short sketch of the author of the original, Sir Joshua Reynolds. Among the instruc-tive articles will be found one on "Alligators," by F. Beverley, and others on the germination of seeds, by Annie Mackintosh ; on the French Revolution, by Donald Mitchell; on "Postage Stamps," by an anonymous contributor. The first chapters of a serial by Noah Brooks are here, and there are a number of short stories, and verses by H. P. Spofford, J. T. Trowbridge, Celia Thaater, Susan Coolidge, and several other writers whose names are well known to the friends of St. Nicholas. The illustrations are specially good. "Jack in the Pulpit" and the other topics of the closing pages are full of amusement, and altogether the number gives abundant promise for another excellent volume.

-A little boy of four years, standing in the moonlight by his sister aged six, said to her, "Isn't God a good man, Nelly, to give us such a beautiful moon?" "Oh Freddy," said the sister, in earnest remonstrance, "don't call God a man, for if ever there was a gentleman, I'm sure God is one!" Facts.—Christian Union. THE BELL OF ST JOHN'S.

In a huge and smoky foundry close by the wharves in the town of B-, a gang of workmen were getting ready to cast the Only an hour more, and they would let the glaring, bubbling metal flow from the huge furnace into the mold which was buried deep in the black earth close by. It was just at evening, and in the gather-ing twilight the lurid blue flames that borst

from the top of the tall chimney flashed unearthly gleams upon the neighboring windows and house tops, The scene within the foundry was weird and almost awful. The awarthy forms of

the workmen, partly lighted by the yellow glare, moved about like Tartarian shades and the sooty beams and ponderous chains crossing half black, half golden, under the glowing roof, recalled the engines of the Cyclops under Mt. Ætos.

The town clock struck six. It was time for supper. All the men threw down their ools and ran and put on their outer cloth-

"Be back in half an hour, sharp !" cried the foremaster. "We shall make the cast at a quarter of seven," "All right, sir!" eried the men in re-

"I hear some of the town folks are comng down to see the work," said one. "Yes," said another, "and it'll be some-thing to open their eyes. There was never such a bell east in the whole State as this

one will be," In a moment more only one workman and the master were left in the foundry. The former was to stay and watch the 'blast." He had brought a double allowance of dinner, and he would make a sup-

per on what remained. "Perhaps we can get the 'inventor' to stay with you, George," said the master,

laughingly, as he prepared to go,
"Yes, where is he?" returned the man n the ame jesting tone. "He's been round the works long enough to know when anything goe wrong. Hollo! hollo! I say! Where's the inventor? Come here. Ab, there he is!" And in

silent answer to the summons, a shock hair ed fellow, with large grey eyes, and a pale, vacant face, appeared from behind a pile of castings. He had on his back a gray shirt, much soiled with dust, and be wore a pair of huge pantaloous, held up by a single "Well, Mopus," quoth the man George,

slapping him rather roughly on the shoul der; "suppose you've got wit enough to help yell if anything's the matter?" The young fellow looked stupidly around and nodded his bead.

"Then sit here and look at that furnace and don't take your eyes off." The poor lad smiled and meekly did as he was ordered-just as an obediant dog

would have laid down to watch his own-A queer fellow was this "Mopus;" stupid enough in ordinary things to need a world of watching, but withal wonderfully fit to watch a fornace. He knew all the working of the foundry, by what seemed a

sort of brute instinct, though really his strange sagacity in this was a remount of a once bright mind,
If anything happened or went in an unusual way, he would always notice it, and say what ought to be done, though he could not tell, perhaps, why it ought to be

Two years before, he had been an intelligent, promising lad. He was the son of a designer connected with the foundry company, and had always been allowed free access to the shops, and to mingle with the men and watch their work. But one day a great lifting chain broke with its lead, and an iron fragment struck him on the head, inflicting a serious injury. From this he partially recovered, and only partially, for his reason was impaired. But his natural love for machinery and mechanical experiments remained, and as he regained his bodily strength he spent most of his time making small wheels and shafts, and putting together odd contrivances, which he would exhibit with immense

pride and satisfaction. This peculiar trait in the young fellow gained for him the humorous title of the "inventor." All the meu felt a great kindness for him, even though their manner toward him was occasionally harsh and

impatient.
Such was the person left to help watch the great blast for the easting of the king bell of the chimes of St John's. Faithfulls he kept his place before the furnace, while the man George sat down at a little distance and began to cat his supper. Doubtless the latter intended to keep a general oversight, but he certainly made the inventor's eyes do the most of the looking. Whether he felt a kind of reckless trust in the instinct of his half witted companion, or indolently concluded that nothing wrong could happen, he was sadly to blame for charging himself so little with the important duty before him.

Not a word was said by either watcher and only the deep roar of the furnace was

heard through the vast foundry. George finished his supper, and sauntered into one of the tool shops to find his pipe. "Inventor" sat alone before the great blast. The one rational faculty of his feeble mind enabled him to comprehend what it meant, and even something of the magnitude of the enterprise that was ripenng inside those burning walls. He knew hat the furnace was full of valuable metal, and that close boxide him, buried out of sight in the deep sand, was the huge mold, so soon to be filled with the precious cast. He knew and could see that all the channels for the flow of the flery liquid were ready, and that near the mouth of the furnace stood the long iron rod that was to be

used when the moment came to let on the molten stream. All this his limited thoughts took in by babit, Dimly conscious that something great was soon to be done, he sat with his eyes on the furnace absorbed and intent. Suddenly something startled him. There was a slight noise and a burning crack appeared near the top of the furnace. Then another crack, and a scorebing brick fell out and rolled to the ground at his feet.

The lad opened his mouth to shrick, but so terrified was he that the sounds stuck

stood near, and tapped the vent. One desperate thrust with a sharp point up the terrible fonnel-a few quick prying strokes! Stand back, now ! The confining clay fell largest beli of the St John's cathedral chime. away, and the yellow white flood spuried out with resistless force. It leaped into the clay lined troughs and bissed its way flaming down to the month of the bell mold. The "fool" had done a deed worthy of a

general on a field of battle, Was it too late? Every moment new fissures opened in the doomed furnace. Some of the upper stones toppled over. Still the metal poured out into the mold. But the waste was great from those gaping flaws. The pressure was relieved by the open vent, but the leaks multiplied continually. It was art running a race with ruin.

Poor "Mopus" stood powerless before the coming catastrophe. His knees knocked together and his head swam. A great beap of red hot bricks and rubbish fell at his feet. He had barely thought to get out of the way and save his life. He heard a wild shout of human voices in the distance, then an awful roar behind him, and h saw and felt himself pursued by surges of seething fire. Sharp, blistering pains pierced his flesh at a hundred points. The rest was all a horrible unintelligible dream. It was as if he had suddenly sank into the earth and had been swallowed up forever,

By seven o'clock comparative quiet was reigning again on the scene of the disaster. Ruins lay everywhere. The enaught the building, and the men, blackened with smoke, stood in silent groups about the remains of the furnace. It had er, "The problem of woman's sphere," fallen to pieces and nothing was left but heaps of steaming rubbish.

Poor "Inventor," who had been found with the tapping-rod in his hands, lying on his face in the sand, frightfully burned, had been carried to his home,

Little was said, but the few words snoken uttered with no mild emphasis the natural wrath of the master and hands against the man George, whose excuses for himself on-

y exuggerated his offense. "See what he's done," said they, a few days later, as they stood in the half burned oundry. "Five thousand dollars gone to waste in a minute! The best job in iwenty rears spoiled! The rascal to go hunting for his pipe, and leave that stuttering idiot to watch! Is that all be can say for himself? Out upon such carelessness! Why the boy didn't even know enough to bawl out when he must have seen the fornace tom-

bling to pleces !" The master, who had more at stake than he mee, of course felt the loss more keenly than they. He almost wept with min-gled grief and rage. Suddenly something peculiar caught his eye among the debris, and he cried in a startled voice:

"Hallo! What's this? What's this?" He snatched up a fragment of one of the roughs which had led from the furnace to be mold. There were traces of the stream of bronze still running in it. Then the possible meaning of the iron found in the Inared boys's hand flashed upon him.

"Bring me a shovel, quick!" he shout-A spade was put into his hands, and he began nervously to heave away the hot was a herculean task, but he worked like a giant, and three or four of his men took

hold and belped him. Brick bats, ore, slag and ashes flew in every direction. Presently the master's spade peneirated the sand and touched omething hard. Hestooned down. Then he lesped up like one half frantic, and plying his spade with redoubled energy, fore away the remaining sand, disclosing what looked like a great metallic ring.

"Men," he cried out, lifting his flushed face, "the bell is cast !"

"Who did this?" asked every excited roice, as soon as the cheering died away, "Come with me, two or three of you?" gied the master, "I think I know who did it. It's a miracle !" They hurried away to the home of the half witted boy. The attendant met them

with her finger on her lips, "The poor boy is in brain fever," she "Does he say anything in his delirium?"

whispered the master. "Oh, yes, he raves all the time about the big bell mold, "I hope it will fill-I hope t will fill," be says.

The men exchanged glances. It was indeed true. The idiot had cast the great bell of St John's. Just then the physician came out. "Perhaps be will recover his reason by this shock and sickness," he said. "Such hings have happened."

"Do you think so? Pray Heaven he may !" solemnly ejaculated the master and his men; and they turned away deeply moved.

Two months later the great bell hung from a hoge derrick in the lathe room of the factory, and beneath it stood a heavy truck upon which it was about to be lower-ed. A silence fell upon the group of workmen as the pale face and feeble form of "Inventor" appeared, borne in a small re-clining chair. He had recovered his reason, and was fast getting back his strength. His large gray eyes instantly fastened themselves on the bell, that splendid master-piece, whose making meant so much to him. They had told him the whole story of the casting, and the disaster in the foundry, but it all sounded like a wild romance

"I remember nothing that happened," said be, shaking his head with a smile. "It's all new to me, all new and strangeo strange I'

"Yes," said the master devontly, "It was

God's hand." Every eye turned upon the invalid. some of the men felt almost afraid it was so much like a resurrection to have him there among them, the boy they had known so long underwitted, now a young man, keen and intelligent, as if changed into another being. "I should like to strike the bell once;"

two men lifted him up and put a small bammer in his hand. He struck one gentle blow. A deep sweet, nonrnful tone, solemn as the sound of distant waterfalls, rolled from the great bell and echoed through the foundry. Tears filled the eyes of the rough men as they

"Ah," said the master, "there's a hallelu-

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE FOR THEM-WHAT MAY AND SHOULD BE DONE, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, by all odds the ablest and noblest woman who appears on the lecture platform, recently spoke eloquently on "Superfluous Women" at Bos-ton. After a brief preface, in which she cummed up the gains of woman during the last twenty-five years, such as the ab ogation of unjust legal statutes, the openng to them of colleges and professional chools, their admission to an ever increasing number of remunerative employments, and their recognition in the highest and est society as the honored peers and byloved companions of noble men, she pro-ceeded: It is not of the general elevation of woman that I propose to speak to-night. It is rather with the generally accepted theory of woman's life that I propose to deal-with the theory that the final cause of woman, the reason why God created her, was simply that man needed her, and that she has answered the end and aim of her being when she has become some man's wife and the mother of his children. The Boston Congregationalist says: "Female education, as a rule, should ever hold wife tood in view, and should shape its special culture toward the end of fitting young vomen physically to be good wives and mothers." "The British association for the protection of the franchise against the enroachments of women" has its avowed or igin in the conviction that the sole duties of a woman are those of a wife and moth

says Dr. E. H. Clarke, speaking ex cathedrd for the medical profession, "cannot be solved by principles of abstract right and wrong, but by physiology alone." And thus defined, again is her sphere declared to be wifebood and motherhood. Accordng to this theory, the woman who has married and given birth to a son has fulfiled her mission. The celibate womanbough as gifted as Charlotte Cushman, or Harriet Hosmer, useful as Florence Night-ingaic or the Sisters of Charity, as learned is Margaret Fuller or Maria Mitchell-has entirely missed it. Let me not be understood as depreciating marriage, and setting myself against it. Nay, I magnify marriage! True marriage

gives an ante-taste of Heaven. There can be no country worth living for that is not based on home and family, resulting from marriage. Nevertheless I object to the theory that marriage is the final cause of woman, the sole object of her creation, be-cause it is incorrect and harmful. The theory that marriage is the only business of a woman's life cannot be practically carried out with all women. Facts are against it. While there are, on an average, usually about 105 or 106 boys born into the world to every 100 gires, there has been such a waste of life among men through war, dangerous pursoits, drunkenness and profligacy that, aking the world over, there are and always have been since the days of authentic history, more marriageable women in the world than men. In 1860 the average number of marriages in the United States was seventy-five to one hundred marriageable women. Since then we have passed through the five years' war of the rebellion, in consequence of which nearly one million o men lost their lives. In addition there has since then been growing a morbid luxury among both men and women, which added to the expensiveness of living, has tended to greatly restrict marriage. The state census of Massachusetts, just completed, informs us that there are now 63,084 more women than men in the State, and that the disparity is increasing yearly,

The theory that marriage offers to wom-

an her only career of usefulness leads us to do injustice to the great army of the un- in the field of industrial art training womarried. They not only drop down in general estimation, so that we speak slight ingly of them as old maids and superfluous women but neglect to provide for them. and to give them the training necessary for their successful living and proper development. Mr. Greg, the charming English es savist, calls the unmarried women "redundant" and "superfluous women," and has written an elaborate paper in answer to the question, "Why are women redundant?" He not only attempts to answer this question, succeeding only indifferent-ly well, but he raises another query, which be also undertakes to answer, "What shall we do with these superfluous women?' And after a full discussion of the whole subject, to which he carried a kindly spirit he is unable to suggest any other provision for these superfluous women than exportation. You must do with them as you do with any other commodity with which the market is overstocked,-as Delaware did last summer, when its peach crop was overwhelmingly superfluous; you must export them. The women must emigrate.

The difference between the superfluous

omen of the old time and the new is this In the old time the unmarried women partly from duliness, partly from aboud ance of daily employment, and more from the absolute submission in which they had been educated, resigned themselves to their fate and the world's treatment. But the superfluous women of to-day breathe freer and more invigorating air. In common with the whole community in which they move, they have fuller knowledge, a finer useful and congenial activity. What is to be done for and with these "superfluous" women, as sociologists and literateurs con temptuously style that large class of women who are in numbers redundant above men? Let them be trained for domestiservice says one. But about as many women are now engaged in domestic service, as cooks, laundresses, table waiters, cham bermaids, nurse maids, etc., as there is a ing all the household servants that are wanted to-day-such as they are. It is the quality that is defective, not the quantity. Undoubtedly competent women, who can do good bousework, mistresses of the arts of cooking, washing and general house keeping, can to-day oust the raw, rough, unskilled, untidy girls engaged in turning our houses topsy-turvy. But if the unskilled work women now in domestic service should be driven from their places by more competent persons, it would not rem edy the difficulty, as these discarded servants in turn would need employment which it would be difficult to give them in their unakilled state. Emigration is the remedy most frequently urged to the provision for superfluous women. This is the plan proposed by Mr. Greg: Something might be done in effecting the removal of some of the superflous women of the Eastern to the extreme Western States, where there is a lack of women and a surplus of men, and a demand for woman's work. To do this properly a "bureau of emigration" is necessary, competent, judicious, reliable, which shall put in communication

Superfinous Women

te made for superfluous women except to train them intellectually, morally and industrially, so that they can make their own possibilities of happiness, with their way in life, whether married or single. A dreams of the future! Ab, three-starred very large minority of women do not mar- Grant and Sherman, not so herole was your ry. Of those who do marry a large proportion are obliged still to earn their own living entirely or in part. The majority of widows have the burden of their own maintenance thrown upon them, and that serves to point a jest, or add cynical pleas-of their children. It is therefore an abso-antry to a story. Ye were stimulated by lute necessity of our present social condi-tion that women should have as free ading as men, that there should be no monop- | hot shot of ridicule and satire. oly of sex and no protective duty on either

The number of occupations open to we men are so very few that they are crowded with applicants who tread one another down and keep wages at the very minimum; It is not the fault of the capitalist that woman is so poorly paid for her labor. It is the fault of society. Any article sells cheap when there is too much of it in the market. And woman's labor is cheap when there is too much of that in the market. Take the profession of teaching, Everywhere the salaries of women are much be low those of men. Why? Not because they are less successful than men in the same profession or do less work. Nor yet, as some affirm, because they have only entered the profession temporarily, as a stepplug-stone to something better-for this is no more true of them than of men, But comed by the observant managers, whom, there are too many of them. A superinintendent of education says, "Remove all the teachers in the United States and their places could be filled in a week." There are 3000 to 4000 women music teachers in Paris. What is needed is free, untrammeled access of women to all fields of labor, and equal industrial training with men. No girl should be considered educated for life till she is in possession of a trade, profession or business that will give ber a liv-

But there is hope, for there is a growing dissatisfaction with our system of popular education. It may be described as literary for the use of the head and not at all fo the bands. It does not bear directly on the leading pursuits of the people. In the organization of schools and in the methods of instruction there has been great change; little in the things taught. There is, how ever, a growing tendency to modify popular education in our country and to bring it into barmony with the age, and the manifest demands of labor. A two-fold movement in favor of indus-

trial education in America has already begun. One looks toward the establishment of technical schools like the "Illinois industrial university," open to women as well as men. Another seeks a modification of our present school system, which shall enable them to send students to these schools of professional training or the workshop of the artisan. Massachusetts has taken steps to promote popular art education, which will be felt by and by. And already, some of the manufactures of Masachusetts are sufficiently good to compete successfully with similar foreign markets. In Massachusetts a normal art school bas been established, from which are sent out teachers. Women teachers from this institution command good sataries, and are in great demand. There are also schools of design already established, and in the field of designing there is a prolitic field of employment for women. It is said that one city alone of Massachusetts spends annually in Europe \$40,000 for manufacturing designs, which should be made here. Let women crowd the industrial schools now open, and firee the opening of more. For

Mrs. Livermore said she could not close without asking her andience for a moment to consider who these women were, and had been, who are denominated "superfluons," because unmarried. She made a resume of the grand work done by the Catho-He sisterhoods during the last fifteen centuries, who have districted the suffering, misery and vice, crime, want and wee of the world, and have everywhere entered the lists against it, keeping alive in the world faith in the Christ of helpfulness and healing, to whom they had consecrated themselves. Then she took up the work of Protestant "superfluous women" for the last half century, summarizing in brief paragraphs the lives of women like Burdett Coutts, Mary Carpenter, Florence Nightingale, Emily Paithful, Frederika Bremer, Harriet Murtineau, Dorothea Dix, Clara Barton, Charlotte Cushman, Harriet Hosmer, Rosa Bonheur, Elizabeth Blackwell, Maria Mitchel, the Cary sisters, Louise Alcolt, and others of the same noble class. But time would fail to catalogue the grand women of the last twenty-five years alone, who according to the generally recognized theory of woman's life, have been superfluous, because unmarried women,social failures," as Sir Henry James calls

All through the land, in homes and outside of them, I find these wemen, unwedded, in the vulgar parlance of every day speech called "old maids," with a shrug of the shoulder, and a slight dash of scorn, in the fluer language of sociologists and essense of justice, nobler conceptions of ex-istence, and a desire for a larger sphere of They have been brave enough to elect to walk through life alone, when some man has saked them in marriage, whom they could not love; with white lips they have said "no," while their hearts said "yes," because duty demanded of them the sacrifice of their own happiness. Their lives have been stepping-atones for the advance-ment of younger sisters; they have carned the money to carry brothers through college into professions; like the Caryatides demand for. There is no trouble in obtain- of architecture, they stand in their places and uphold the roof over a dependent household; they invert the order of nature and become mothers to the aged, childish parents, fathers and mothers, whose failing teet they guide gently down the bill of life, and whose whithered hands they by and by fold beneath the daisies; they carry words of cheer and comfort to households invaded by trouble, sickness or death. The dosty years stretch far behind them ; beanty and comeliness drop away from them, and they grow faded and careworn; they become mobodies to the harrying, rushing bustling world, and by and by they will alip out into the gloon-the shadows will veil them forever from earthly sight-the great surprise of joyful greeting will welcome them, and they will thrill to the em-brace of the heavenly bridegroom. Ab! Stewart, who from your \$100,000,000 of earthly treasures, have given \$1,000,000 to the working women in a beautiful home! Ah, Peabody, whose gifts of libraries and have put millions into the endowment of reliable, which shall put in communication the women of the East and the vacancies of the West.

achools and colleges—these poor women than yo have given and are giving more than yo the West.

flask in his hand. A more eloquent expression of aympathy could not be conceived.—Rutland Globe.

There is no way by which provision can given but little, and these superflumarch through the fearful, bristling wilderness, and from Atlanta to the sea, as is the lonely passage of life made by many an unmated woman, except as her collimite life the gaze of the world followed you. But mission to professional and industrial train- the path of these women was through the Let us give to women such training.

> them, and thus collective humanity will be benefited, and a higher civilization be

> physically, industrially, intellectually and

spiritually, that we shall shame the word "superfluous" out of the vocabulary, as

descriptive of women. And this will help

men, and elevate them, quite as much as any special work which might be done for

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink Together, dwarfed or god like, bond or free. Honestus saw with joy the notice of an approaching primary meeting, and when the evening arrived he bastened to the ball with the pleasing consciousness that be was discharging a great public duty. He reached the ball, and was heartly welhand, he would have seen to be foxes-at least. They were very glad indeed to see Honestus and men like him engaging in politics. They saw in the fact the augury of a better day. It was a peculiar pleasure to co-operate with him, and they trusted that this was but the beginning of a good habit upon his part. Honeston could not belp thinking how easy it was to exaggerate, and suppose men to be a great deal worse than they are, and wondered that he had never before taken the trouble-or, rather, fulfilled the duty-of attending the

primary meeting. The proceedings began, and he was exceedingly interested. Officers were appeeches that nothing but honesty and economy was to be sought, and only men of the most spotless character nominated But it was necessary to have a committee upon nominations; and to his surprise and gratification Honestus heard his own name mentioned as one of the committee, and almost blushed ashe was appointed its chairman. The committee was requested to withdraw and to report the names of candidates as soon as possible. Honestus and his colleagues therefore retired to a dim passage-way-where as he subsequently remarked, he should have been rathe alarmed to meet either of them at night and alone-and business began. Various names were mentioned, of which, unfortunately, Honestus had never heard one; and at length one of the most positive o the committee said, emphatically, that, up on the whole, Jones was the very man for the place. There was a general murmur of assent and satisfaction. Honestus heard on every side that it was "just the thing;" that Jones was "an A I boy," and that he was "always there;" he was also "square," and "right up to the line;" and by com-

mon consent Jones seemed to be the Heaven-appointed candidate. Rober disturbed at his total ignorance of this conspicuous public character, Hon-estus turned to his neighbor and said, guardedly, with the air of a man who was musing upon Jones's qualifications, "Oh, Jones-Jones?"

"Yes," said his neighbor, "Jones." "Certainly," replied Honestus; "certain-y. But-who-is-Jones?"

His neighbor looked at him for a mo ment, and repeated the question in a tone of incredulity -"Who is Jones?"-as if he nad said, Who is George Washington? "Yes; I don't think that I know him."

"Don't know Jones ?" "Well, if you did know him, you'd know that he's just the man we want; bang up;

made for it." "Oh, is he?" "You bet-A 1." "Well," said the member who had first

announced that Jones was the very man for the place, "I suppose they'll be waiting. nominate Jones as the candidate." The chairman said yes, but that, unfort-unately for himself, he did not know Mr.

Jones.
"Well, you don't know any thing against him, do you?" asked the other. "Certainly not."

"Well, we all know him, and he is the very man. We ought to hurry." Honestus put the question, and Jones was unanimously named as the candidate to be reported to the meeting by the chairman. The meeting was already stamping and calling for the committee, and the energetic mover of Jones said that it was necessary to go in "right away." The committee made for the hall, and the chairman followed. Hek 19# thing of Jenes nor of the people who had named him, and he knew nobody else whom he could propose for the place. Honesius felt very much as a leaf might feel upon the fall of Niagara, and in the next moment the chairman of the meeting was asking him if the committee were ready to report. The chairman of the committee bowed. The chairman of the meeting said that the report would now be made. Honestus stated that he was instructed to report the name of Jones. The meeting roared. There was some thumping by the chairman, and Honeatus heard only the name of Jones and "by acclamation" and a whiriwind of calls "Jones !" "Jones !" "Speech!" The next moment Jones, with large diamond pin, was upon the platform thanking and promising, and the meeting was stormily cheering and ad-journing sine die. Honestus walked quickly home, perceiving that the result of his practical effort to discharge the primary duties of a citizen was that Jones, one the most disreputable and dishouest of public sharks had been nominated by a committee of which he was chairman, and that the whole weight of the name of Honestus was thrown upon the side of rascality with

READY SYMPATHY .-- A wag entered a smoking car on the Central a few days ago mediately rose to their feet, each with a

a diamond pin. And be reflected that in politics, as elsewhere, it is necessary to begin as early in preparation for action as the rascals. Editor's EASY CHAIR, in Harper's Magazine for Nov.

while the train was in motion, and in an earnest and sympathetic tone said: "There is a lady in the next coach fainted away. institutes and educational funds were Has any gentlemen got any liquor to give princely! Ab, Vanderbilt and Drow, who her ?" Twenty-eight men in the ear im-

"Ah," said the master, "there's a halleluin his throat, as if he had been in a fit of
night-mare.

A thin red stream followed the fallen
brick, and trickled down the furnace side
like running lava. Then came another
alarming noise, and a thin gap half way
down the masonry let out more of the hissing metal.

Where was George? Was the unfaithful
fellow still hunting for his pipe? The furnace was bursting with only a poor, half
idiot lad to guard it?

What could he do? He did what parhape a lad in his right mind would not have
dared to do. Rushing to the mouth of the
furnace, he selzed the long iron rod that